

can be safe reading to their high-school classes;
even poems.

pictures of snow on cactus.

the Governor cited it: "the major
impetus building our tourist trade;"
then lapsed back grunting
into his smoke.
snowbirds ask for "The Bible of the State,"
send yearly subscriptions
to crippled Aunts hacking
and blizzard-bound back home

with a note,
"picking oranges at Christmas,
arthritis all but gone ..."
in their spongy air-conditioned cars
ride toward the locale
of a recent article,
flushed and knowledgeable,
ride through our forests ...

our eyes following them, the soul's
needles knowing
of it all the pictures
lie the least,
the account of a virgin's
internal organs, about to
be ravished ...

Soft Tacos

If someone could stop
the locomotive that pulls every
day at two toward Paisano Pass,
going backwards and
white volutions of smoke

pouring from its rear,
a solid tearing into
puffs that circle counterclockwise around us

from the rickety village we watch,
poorly armed with rakes
and straw swats; on the hillsides
springs stop. cows stand eaten
by rust and wired to the stubble.
it never reaches the top

midgrade Mescaleros
attack it, whooping
from burrows, shoot rubber arrows
that grow on our roofs.
sit astride its back
stuffing themselves with cake

and the sea captain
that greets us, telescope
screwed to his eye,
loaded with spangles and charts,
like a llama spits in our faces.

the green stuff eats our bibs.
and looking up
see it already gone
over the ridges toward Marfa,
one puff hanging out like a leg
disappearing into a cave or a mouth ...

Dogs

The dogs are in the cellar
and howling to get out;
they have eaten the noble corpses,
the silver plate, broken into tombs,
gnawed the hands off statues;
and now they climb up the flue,
through cracks in the ceiling.
they curl behind our chairs,
test the cruets, observe our pictures;
hang from the rafters, singing. and
we slumped in our chairs
tasting our thumbs, they push
us around, statuary on wheels,
speaking the words
that flash across our eyes ...

-- Peter Wild

Alpine, Texas

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::

¶ Fielding Dawson's Open Road and Dave Meltzer's Luna, both
\$4 per fm. Black Sparrow Press, P.O. Box 25603, Los Angeles,
Calif. 90025 ¶ 3 Northwest Poets -- Albert Drake, Lawson
Inadu & Douglas Lawder, \$1.50 fm the Stone Press, P.O. Box
227, Okemos, Mich. 48864 ¶ Bill Butler's Byrne's Atlas \$1.80
fm. Wallrich Books, 6 Coptic St., London W.C.1, England ¶
Douglas Blazek's Why Man Goes To The Moon only 50 cts. fm.
Morgan Press, 1819 N. Oakland Ave., Milwaukee, Wisc. 53202
¶ Larry Mollin's Which Way To The Egress \$1 and Alden Now-
lan's Playing The Jesus Game \$3.50 fm. New/Books, R.D. 3,
Trumansburgh, N.Y. 14886 ¶ Carl Cary's salish songs & rit-
uals \$1.50 fm. Goliards Press, P.O. Box 1292, Bellingham,
Wash. 98225 -- also releases My Favorite Poets (edit. by
Roger Steffens) \$1.50.